# CODEX SILENDA

# THE MECHANICAL BOOK OF PUZZLES

I awoke to find myself lying on the floor next to the Codex, which apparently was now lying face up with the first page already unlocked and flipped open. Sitting up, a sharp pain emanated from the back of my skull. Perhaps in my haste to catch the Codex, it had landed on my head, knocking me unconscious? I looked at the book, pondering the all too real feeling dream. Eventually stress, long hours, and the crushing weight of the book were deemed to be the causes for Itzamna's "visit". I pushed it from my mind as a simple fevered dream and stood up to look out the window, seeing that it was already night. After tucking the Codex into my knapsack, I left my office and headed out to my car. As I approached it, figures emerged out of the darkness walking fast – two men, their faces scarred and tattooed with Mayan icons. Before I could react, they quickly closed the distance, grabbed my vest, and tossed me into a van that I only just then noticed as its sliding door slammed shut behind me. With a squeal of tires, we headed into the city. My captors remained mute to my questions and pleadings. Clutching my knapsack, heart pounding, I went silent.

Pulling up to a nightclub named Xibalba, meaning "Place of Fear" in Mayan, my escorts quickly took me to an opulent office. The only other occupant of the room sat behind the desk. His head, with skin stretched so thin as to appear skeletal, rested on steepled hands. There was even an owl perched upon his chair's back, glaring at me. A shiver ran up my spine.

"I am the Lord of the Dead, ruler of Xibalba, the one who will rule over all once the cycle comes to its inevitable end. I. am. Au Puch." the old man said in a menacing, almost monotone voice tinged with a sense of crippling absolutism in his words. Mouth agape, I listened as he coldly laid out a bargain. If the end of the world came about without interference, he would elevate me to a minor god.

Erupting in hysterical laughter, I seemed to have lost control of my own reaction as my mouth blurted out a resounding "No." With a jaded snort, Au Puch snapped his bony fingers as his subordinates grabbed my shoulders and yanked me back down the hallway we had come. I was dragged down into a basement room with an ancient stone altar where I began to struggle to little avail as they bound me to the rough stone. An obsidian dagger flashed above me – closing my eyes I awaited the downward strike...

Behind my eyelids, a blinding glow flashed, followed shortly by a pair of sharp, meaty snaps. Opening my eyes Itzamna stood over me, licking his reptilian jaws. Au Puch's servants were nowhere to be seen, save for two pools of blood. Cutting my bonds, he pointed to a door, indicating the way to freedom was there. Not wasting a second, I leapt up and ran through the exit, making sure to grab my knapsack that had been held by one of the goons only seconds ago. A torch-lit, rough-hewn corridor stretched into the distance. Behind me, the door slammed shut and simply disappeared into the stone walls, showed no indication of a door ever existing. Accepting this turn of events in stride, I turned and continued on down the corridor.

It turned out that this underground hallway was really a labyrinth in which I quickly became lost. As I sat there losing hope, my mind began to tug at me, urging me to remember something important. I then realized that I still had the Codex and in the briefest of glimpses, I remembered noticing that the second page of the Codex had a maze-like look to it after it had fallen on my head. Sure enough upon opening it, the second puzzle was indeed a labyrinthian puzzle. As I began to manipulate the strange wheel mechanism, I began to notice specific torches beginning to burn brighter as if the book were trying to show me the true way through the maze! After some tinkering, wrong turns, and dead-ends, I eventually entered a chamber where three large blocks of stone rested. Sitting next to each stone was a god of creation – the original planters of the creation stones. Chief amongst these was Itzamna, now in the form of a high priest. He held forth stone mason tools, then nodded towards the stones themselves.

Grasping the tools, I recalled the legends about the Three Stones of Creation and how they were to be carved into the thrones of Jaguar, Snake and Water. Once finished, they would then be wrapped with a cord to bind them together. Completing this ritual would insure a new foundation of creation has been laid. I set to work upon the stones, under the watchful and judging eyes of the other gods of creation...

Upon completing the stones to Itzamna's satisfaction, a door emerged leading out of Xilbalba. I emerged out into a mess of wild jungle. Before continuing, I decide to check on my inventory; unfortunately, the supplies were meager – some candy, bottle of water, a pen, some paper, and the Codex. What was even more pressing was the status of my current location, since no jungle such as this was located near my home city.

I spent the day following a stream hoping to find a village or town. As night fell, I began to search for a place to bed down. Then the smell of smoke and voices murmuring could be heard on the wind. Approaching quietly a clearing came into view where two people sat playing with mud.

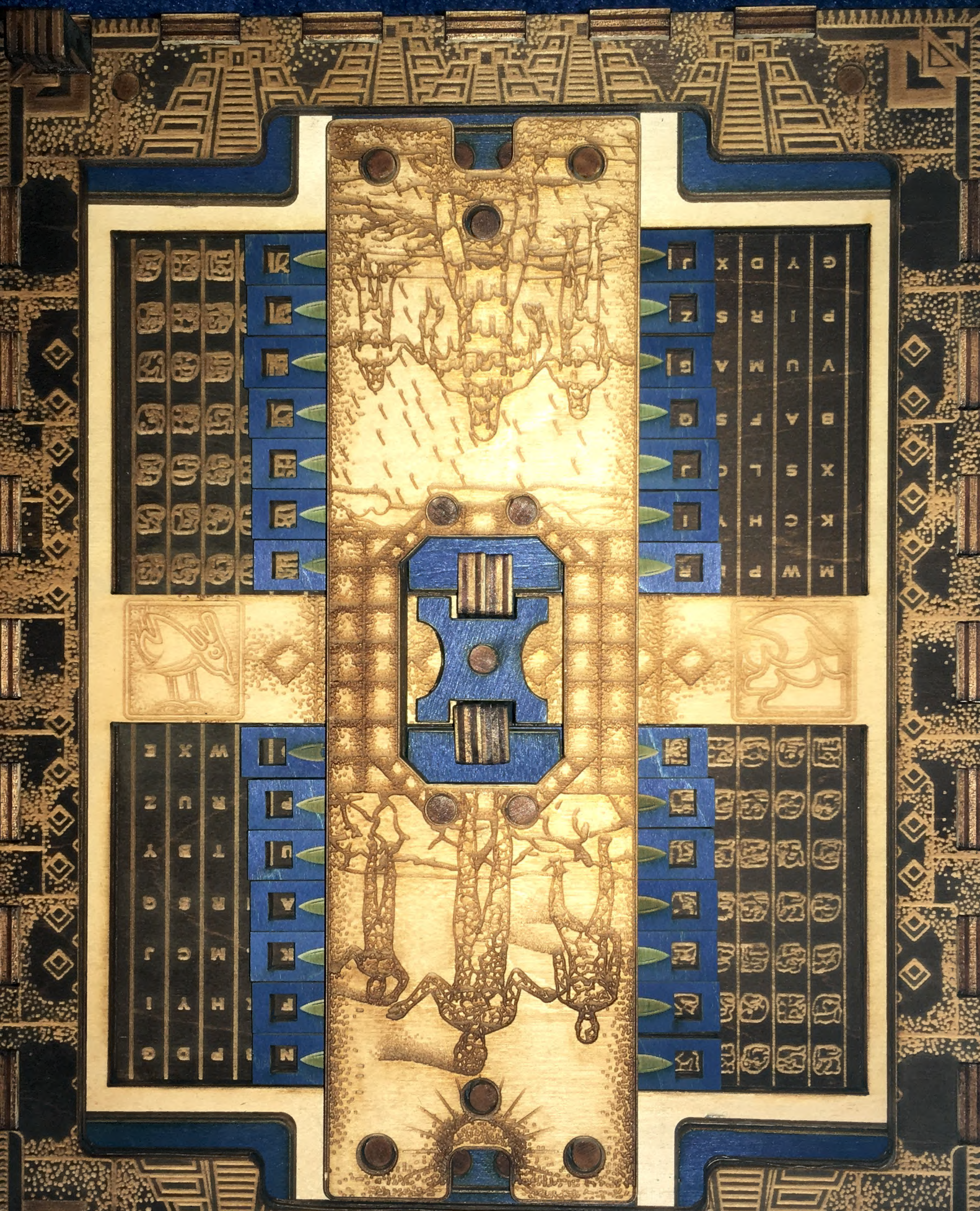
One was dressed in ancient Mayan finery with all the trappings of a high ruler. The other was thin in an ornate cloak and headdress of the feathered serpent. Having accepted the reality of my new existence, these two could only be Tepeu, the Sovereign, and Gukumatz, the Feathered Serpent. Both were original gods of creation, those that made the animals before trying their hand at men.

They noticed me hovering and bade me to sit with them, offering me a meal of corn cake, fish, and cold water. I was then handed a mud ball to try my hand at making a man. Feeling foolish, the figure I produced was crude, barely humanoid, and easily damaged. The gods eagerly whispered to one another.

Upon finishing the little mud man, a distant history lesson I had once taught emerged in my mind. It had centered around this exact "ritual" and even involved a specific phrase that could only be read, not spoken since the Mayan language was dead after all. I turned to the gods, drawing in the dirt the hieroglyphs used to describe the words of power. Upon finishing I pointed at the symbols, then my mouth, then at them. They both looked down and read the phrases out loud, both having quizzical and amused looks on their faces. Hearing the words they uttered, I then turned to my little mud man and spoke the incantation to him. The figure came to life! It immediately began to squirm, almost twisting itself in half before dropping from my hands. It then proceeded to blindly stumble around camp before disappearing into the jungle. Tepeu and Gukumatz laughed heartily, clapping me on the back while at the same time shaking their heads as if they only just then realized what I had actually been doing the whole time, almost as if they had forgotten the ritual themselves...

A loud screech made me jump in surprise. Dawn was already lining the sky, the fire had turned into warm ash, and the other two gods were gone without a trace. Another screech drew my attention to an owl up in a tree. Squatting beside the bird, staring with a grim visage, was Au Puch. Pointing to the jungle he uttered a dark chant. A roar unlike any other emanated from the deep forest sending chills through me. A great crashing was heard while in the distance brush swayed and trees toppled. The mud man I had created earlier stepped into the clearing, only now a demon had been bound into the golem. I ran for my life.

The corrupted creation was relentless but slow, its body was covered in wicked barbs of hardened mud that seemed to crack with every step yet never completely breaking away. Rests were brief, few, and insufficient. The jungle was now a sauna of stifling heat and humidity, which in turn was sapping my strength. Eventually, I staggered out of the jungle, collapsing onto a beach.



A voice soft as rain with the intensity of lightning made me lift my head from the sand. Before me stood a being with one human leg, the other leg being more of a serpent's tail rather than a leg – the god, Huracan. He told me in a voice rumbling of thunder that the Codex was imbued with the power to unmake the golem.

With waning strength, I opened the Codex to the third page, as the golem's roar grew closer. I moved each of the puzzle's sliders into place with their corresponding glyphs. As the final slider slid home, the possessed mud man burst from the jungle. Too exhausted to run I could only watch as death shambled towards me. Then a low rumble coming from the ocean behind me began to shake the very sand. The mud man stopped, then slowly turned in an attempt to flee back into the jungle. Glancing over my shoulder a giant wave was fast approaching the shore. Just before it swept over, I took a deep breath, hunkered down, and clutched the sand. The wave hit, pushing me forward before trying to suck me back into the depths as it receded. The sun notably arced in the sky before my weary head lifted. There, just short of safety, was a mud pile devoid of existence.

I awoke much later to find myself partly buried in the sand thanks to the tides. Still unsure of my location, I made camp to gather my thoughts and belongings that had been strewn about the beach. A nearby pond provided water, while the jungle and ocean bestowed their own blessings. As I cooked dinner Itzamna stepped out of the tree line. No longer surprised at gods appearing out of the blue, I motioned to him to join me. Sitting down, he accepted a simple stew while contributing a gourd of superb honey laced balché.

After consuming his fill, Itzamna reminded me time was short by pointing to the book, then the sun, then to me. He was urging me to continue forth, so I grabbed the Codex and flipped to the fourth page. My teachings had served me well in the past so I began to apply it to solving this new puzzle. If my assumption was correct, I was following the Mayan Creation legend of Popol Vuh. That meant that construction of the wood and reed men was required to be completed next. Despite this knowledge, the fourth page was an absolute mystery to me on how to solve it. I turned to Itzamna, but he only pointed to the east, then drew in the dirt what looked like an island located just off the coast of the Yucatan Peninsula. It was there that Tantun Cuzmel, or commonly known as Cozumel, the temple complex of Ix Chel was located.

Apparently, there was a small town just a few miles down the beach that happened to have a ferry service to the island ruins of Ka'na Nah. Blinded by this good fortune, I barely even stopped to consider the sheer distance I had somehow magically traversed during all of this. By noon, I arrived on the island and began to make my way to the temple of Ix Chel, goddess of Weaving and Childbirth. Her role was to aid in the raising of the second incarnation of man according to the legends. As darkness began to fall, I climbed the stepped tower to the apex. Entering the upper sanctum, a gathering of followers stood between me and Ix Chel. Her form was that of a powerful, aged woman – red of skin, with fangs and claws of the jaguar. She silently pointed to stacks of thin, green wood and reeds stacked along one wall. Then she pointed at me as her followers parted in half, almost avoiding her gaze and focus as it passed through the air. Apparently, only I was to be the one to work through the night making two new manikins – one male, one female – but this time only out of the wood and reeds instead.

As the last pieces were woven into their forms, dawn broke. Before the sun's rays could touch them Au Puch appeared in a burst of fire and smoke, placing a hand upon each as he uttered a curse of corruption. An unnatural dark cloud swiftly blocked out the sun, with the first rays touching the manikins being filtered through a miasma of fire, smoke, and doom.

This time however, the wood and reed creations burst to life, moving far faster than their mud creation counterparts, yet it was in a disjointed, almost a chaotic way, like a mass of wood constantly reorganizing itself with each step. The unfortunate few disciples of Ix Chel that were already too close to the creations were thrown with immense force in all directions, knocking over fellow followers like bowling pins. Then the manikins turned their attention on Ix Chel and me, time to run! Ix Chel led us into a room with a great stone door, which she was only able to close in time just as a spike was passing through the doorway, aimed for my head. The room we had entered looked like an inner sanctum, with a Great Banyan Tree growing at its center. Ix Chel then turned to me with a mixed look of impatience and restraint one would show to a young child, smacking the Codex in my hands with a loud thud. She then made a motion towards the Banyan Tree, tracing the way the roots twisted and tangled with her finger. Next, she pointed towards a mural of Au Puch and the Tree. It showed the tree's roots entangling Au Puch, almost as if it was restraining him... perhaps it would help defeat Au Puch's spell? Ix Chel began to nod immediately as if she was able to see my thoughts, then she then made a motion as if she was wearing a watch, pointed to the door, and then made THE most terrifying face I had ever seen... but I understood.

As I set to work on the Twisted Roots page, Ix Chel turned back to the stone door and with a mighty leap, smashed right through the stone door as if it were made of paper! She would do battle with the manikins in order to buy us the time I would need to solve the mystery of the unraveling roots.

Ix Chel stood before me, battered and bruised. She had reduced the manikins to fractions of themselves as evidenced by the scattered splinters throughout the hall and sanctum. Yet their onslaught was relentless and even she was nearly overwhelmed had I not discovered the key central root that all others grew from, just in the nick of time. Once I had that root aligned, the rest fell into place and the manikins finally gave up their spirits, collapsing into piles of twigs and reeds. Ix Chel gave me a weak smile as her form began to disintegrate. She opened her mouth and spoke only one word before completely disappearing with the wind, "Tikal."

After leaving the temple and returning to the mainland, I was able to rent a car in order to travel the twelve-hour journey to the capitol of one of the most powerful kingdoms of the Classic period. The city of Tikal had dominated Mayan society for over 700 years eventually becoming a sprawling metropolis filled with thousands of buildings. If any of the ancient cities still held a connection to the gods and myths of the time, this one was the natural choice. Not knowing what my nemesis had planned, I created a strap for my knapsack that secured it to my body at all times, even while driving. Uncomfortable yet necessary – I did not want to be fumbling for the one thing that is apparently required to complete this quest. The closeness of the Codex also performed an almost calming effect, as if Itzamna himself were watching over me every second. Entering Guatemala in the deep of night, a sudden and powerful stench washed over me in a fit of nausea. With little thought and pulling to the side of the road, I opened the door and then emptied what little my stomach contained onto the pavement. It was only when my ears started to hear the ringing of bells, did my gaze slowly lift from the road.

There in the headlights was Cizin, "The Stinking One", god of Earthquakes and Uprooter of Trees. A skeletal being smoking a rolled up cigarette, with bells adorning the wrists and ankles. Its most gruesome adornment was the Death Collar – a necklace composed of human eyeballs tied to the collar by their ocular cords. This was yet another one of Au Puch's many manifestations, hell-bent on stopping the calendar reset.

Cizin pointed at me, then began to croak out words sounding like a death rattle.

"Sssstoccooppp. You wiiiiI...faiiiiiiiiI"

Stomping on the gas, the ghastly being flew apart in a gorey mess as the car blasted through him. In the rear view mirror, however, I could see the body reassemble itself. The truly horrific sight was watching the creature fading into darkness, laughing...

Driving like a madman, the last 100 kilometers went by in a blur. The closer I came to Tikal the more the wind seemed to kick up, clouds thickening into unnatural colors. Skidding to a stop in the parking lot I bolted from the car making my way into the closed city, now a national park.
Running down the path, the ground began to tremble causing me to stumble. Luckily I hadn't fallen completely to the ground as a tree crashed down not even two feet away from me. Scrambling over the bucking ground, trees continued to fall like lethal clubs as my mind raced on where to go from here. Then it came to me – the Mayan calendar was linked to astronomy. The only pyramid of pre-classic times was the largest one at the center of the astronomical complex, also known as the Lost World Pyramid! Sprinting there I raced to the summit – legs and lungs burning from climbing the steep steps.

Just as I reached the top, I glanced over my shoulder to see that same slim, skeletal figure from before emerge from the tree line, strangely it didn't seem to be in a rush as it moved towards the pyramid. If it was foolish enough to give me extra time to solve the puzzle then so be it! With the Codex now in hand, I looked for any clue as to what was now required. Then I saw an odd opening left by some missing stones at the base of the central altar. The opened Codex fit into it perfectly with an audible click, locking the book into place. Outside Cizin gave a terrifying roar, realizing that my progress was far too along for his master's liking. The Temple began to shake even more violently than before as I continued laboring on the puzzle, praying that the Mayan masonry of the pyramid would hold just long enough. Just as the horrid visage of Cizin crested the pyramid top, the last master key slid into place. Almost instantly the wind and ground tremors seemed to cease. With a howl of rage Cizin evaporated with the last of the winds, followed by another click that seemed to emanate from the floor beneath...

Upon removing the Codex, a small leather pouch was revealed behind a false wall underneath it. Inside the pouch was a number of Maize Kernels, each covered in symbols of life, birth and renewal. The heavily worn pouch contained 31 kernels of white maize and a rolled up piece of leather. It turned out that the leather was really a scroll, revealing the words "Thrice Built" in Mayan hieroglyphs. This was the next clue – for those two words were an old Mayan way of describing the city of Uxmal.

Getting back to the car without incident, another fatiguing eleven-hour drive back to the Yucatan Peninsula commenced. The sacred maize in the pouch was hung around my neck, emanating an unnatural amount of warmth against my chest. The Codex was also once again back in the knapsack, still tied securely to me. By late afternoon, the urge to sleep became too overwhelming and after having pulled off the road at a nearby rest stop, sleep took me just as I turned the ignition off.
The sound of scratching woke me. The deep blackness of night had enveloped the world. As my eyes slowly adjusted, they came into focus on an even deeper shade of black resting there upon my hood. Yellow orbs outside the windscreen coalesced into the face of a black panther, claws extended, pawing at the glass. With a scream of fright, I started the car. The panther leaped into the night but not without a glance of hatred.

Driving through the night to Uxmal, my heart pounded in fear. For just on the outskirts of my headlight's beams, a dark form could be seen, keeping pace no matter how fast my speed was nor the obstacles seemingly in its way. Occasional flashes of gold flickered my way sometimes accompanied by the fierce glint of thin, ivory daggers. Finally arriving at Uxmal in the wee hours of morning, I shut the car off but did not get out. Both hands clutched the wheel in white-knuckled fear. I knew the panther was out there waiting to strike. Pondering my options I was startled to see Itzamna calmly sitting next to me rolling a cigarette...

He calmly pointed towards the Pyramid of the Magician. Then he chuckled, lit his cigarette, blew the smoke into my side of the car, and jumped out of the vehicle. He began to wave his hands, hooting and hollering in Ancient Mayan, making what could only be taunts and insultive gestures towards the Dark Panther. The moment it emerged, Itzamna gave me a little dismissive wave to move towards the Pyramid, then he disappeared into the night with the Panther hot on his heels.

Not wishing to remain and waste a perfectly good wild goose chase, I bolted from the car towards the Pyramid of the Magician. Upon reaching the pyramid, the Tonsured God was there sitting crossed legged, grinding away what could only be maize. He motioned me over, holding out one hand which was empty and the other which contained his own bag of kernels, only his were yellow. At first I was confused as to whether or not he wanted my bag or if it was some sort of exchange; instead he pushed the bag into my hand, pointing at my bag and his, making a counting motion then holding up four fingers...

Suddenly, Itzamna burst into the room, bleeding and covered in claw marks. The panther came to a sliding stop upon seeing the Tonsured God and myself huddled together. Regaining its composure, the large death cat began to circle us, almost as if there was an invisible barrier that only it could see and detect. Determining that I would have a limited time before the big cat could reach us with its blade-like talons, the Tonsured God pointed to the pouches again, bidding me use the Codex to assist me in sorting the Kernels between the White and Yellow ones. I began to frantically compare the glyphs found on each Kernel, seeking the four that would allow this nightmare series of rituals to finally come to an end...

Eventually I was able to discern that while the Yellow Kernels given to me by the Tonsured God featured enough glyphs to spell out a message, the White Kernels I had brought with were missing a few key glyphs among their number. This led me to believe that only four key glyphs would be needed for the final page of the Codex. As I removed the duplicated kernels from the pouch in which they were held, the large panther simply disappeared into a wisp of black smoke. Itzamna's body and the Tonsured God had also disappeared as well.

As I exited the temple, it slowly dawned on me that I had been steadily re-opening the Maize Mountain from which the original sacred kernels in the original creation myth had also been retrieved from.

Yet, I knew that there was still one last artifact to collect in order to complete the ceremony, a thrice-blessed mortar and pestle used by Mayan priests of old. The only problem was, where was I going to find one of those since no one was exactly practicing the ancient rituals of blessings. After all, modern times don't exactly condone ritual sacrifices any more, at least not in the way the Mayans use to do it. Then it hit me, the archeology department at my university had on display a number of ancient Mayan mortar and pestles. Thankfully this time, I would not have to drive cross country in order to reach my final destination.

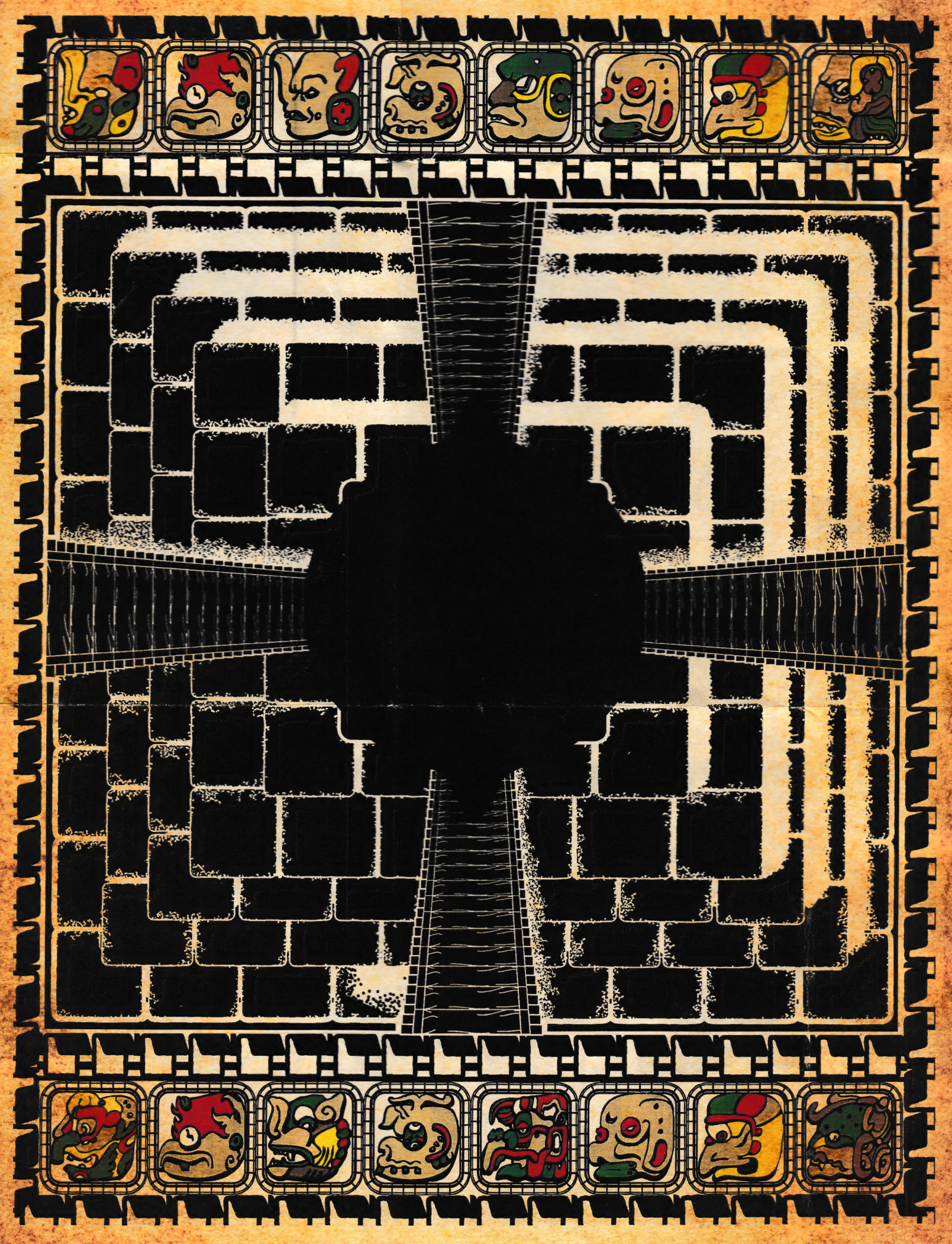
Upon arriving at the University's campus, I noticed the eerie emptiness of not only the campus but the entire surrounding city as well. It was as if the touch of death lingered over everything, with the only sound breaking the silence being that of the scream of an owl as it flew between the buildings, almost as if it were following the car indirectly. I ran up the steps to the Archeology Department's building, using my admin faculty credentials to enter a side door, immediately making my way to archives below the first floor. The best part was that I already knew the exact location of the artifacts since I would pass by them almost weekly back in the day. Just as I rounded the final corner, I heard a series of sounds, the kind of sound that is unmistakably that of stone-ware crashing to the floor... Oh no I thought to myself as I sprinted the final distance. Then I saw... him. Hovering over the last of the remaining Mortar & Pestles, with the shattered remnants of the other relics lying all around him, was Au Puch himself. As I approached, Au Puch seemed to be frozen in place... perhaps in his blind rage to prevent the end, he didn't notice that some of the Mortars had curses inscribed into them.

As I approached, his eyes locked on with mine, yet his body did not make a move. Ignoring his dagger-like stare, I reached out to grab the last remaining relic. Suddenly, a surge of power seemed to explode in every direction the moment I made contact with it. The blast wave even blew Au Puch to the very edge of the room, seemingly freeing him from his frozen state. As he rose though, Au Puch found that he could no longer even approach me any closer than a few feet. Yet, I made the foolish mistake of looking him in the eye once more, only this time his voice echoed inside my very skull. By looking at him directly, I was able to give him the power to lay his last and final curse upon me, one that would insure my death no matter the outcome.

For a moment I knew not what to do until Itzamna's own voice entered my mind, reminding of my bloodline and my destiny. I broke from the trance Au Puch had laid upon me and began to add the maize to the mortar, putting the pestle to work on grinding it into a fine powder. The grinding and ritual chanting began to merge into one as Au Puch could do nothing more than rage at his powerlessness, offering bribes eternal if I would only allow The End to finally happen. Water was added to the mixture, forming the dough. Last but not least, I needed to add the blood of a God to the dough. So, I sliced my thumb and accepted the fact that I was indeed the one intended to complete this prophecy to the end.

Then Itzamna appeared next to me, laying a hand gently on my shoulder. In a somber voice, he finally spoke in my native language and explained to me that the dough must be consumed but that my life would be forfeit. For in order to reset the calendar, Fate requires a balance in the duality of life and death. Fear gripped me as I backed away from the lethal grain for a second, to which Au Puch began to roar in triumph thinking I had given up entirely. Then to his dismay, I grabbed the ball of dough and thrust it into my mouth, swallowing it whole. Au Puch's roars quickly became shrieks of utter dismay as he was ripped back into the realms of the dead, locked away for another 8000 years.

As I fell backwards, Itzamna was able to catch me, laying me down gently. As my eyes began to close, I heard him whisper something about me having earned my place among the Mayan pantheon...



The tome has sat on my shelf for years now. An object of curiosity to peers and students alike. Despite being occasionally dusted off, the wooden "pages" were battered & chipped, showing off the severe age of the Ancient Mayan marvel. it was now a curio passed down through generations, successfully hidden from the Conquistadors and Priests, hell-bent on burning all things deemed "heretical" and "pagan". My grandfather's stories on the Mayan myths were always fascinating. Sitting at his knee the tales gave flights of fancy to my young mind. While others played football, rode bikes or joined in la gallinita ciega, I would pretend to be one of the Mayan gods – Itzamna, Kinich Ahau, or even Kukulcan!

Now I am a professor of Mayan History & Culture, teaching young and old alike about our truly wondrous and colorful history. Despite the book's extremely aged appearance, no one, and I mean no one has yet solved the Codex's first puzzle even. At least that was the case, until late one night while studying in my office, the old, wooden book fell randomly from its place on the shelf, despite my "attempt" to catch it.

As I was intently checking for any serious damage to the already rough wooden exterior, I was caught off guard by a series of high-pitched shrieks from behind me. Turning around, I was met with a lush green jungle stretching out to the horizon before me. My feet stood upon carved blocks forming the top of a pyramid! I stood there absolutely dumbstruck and in awe what I was witnessing. Then I heard this guttural sound of someone clearing their throat coming from behind me. Turning on my heel, I found myself face to face with a bipedal Caiman and he... was dressed in the finery of a Mayan high priest. The creature threw out its arms with a welcoming yet wizened look in its eyes. Then the Caiman spoke.

"I AM ITZAMNA, God of Creation and he who stands before me can only be the direct descendant of the Hero Twins, now known as the Sun and Moon, without whom mankind would never have arisen in this world!!"

Standing there motionless, my face was a mixture of horror, confusion, and disbelief. Not only was I somehow magically transported to the middle of the Jungle, but I was now supposedly talking with an actual Mayan god of creation. Seeing my reaction, Itzamna quickly put his arms back down and made a step forward as if to console me only to be immediately countered by my reverse step backwards. Realizing that his appearance was part of the issue, he waved a taloned "hand" in the air. The caiman snout suddenly shrank back into its head as the reptilian eyes morphed from yellow, narrow slits into deep indigo colored human irises. Itzamna's face was now adorned and perforated in the traditional jewelry and fashion of ancient Mayan nobility. It was certainly more friendly looking than a caiman, but still quite intimidating nevertheless.

"My apologies if my true form frightens you, dear child. I did not think the Mighty Mayan people would grow such a vast empire as the one that currently encompasses the globe and yet still be afraid of a little old caiman." he chuckled to himself, "Anyways as I was saying, you, Son of the Hero Twins, must now complete the destiny set in motion 8000 years ago by your forebearers and insure the continued survival of humanity for another 8000 years!"

Naturally, he had been speaking in Ancient Mayan this whole time which of course no one can speak any longer since it's considered a dead language in this modern era. Itzamna frowned for a second, but quickly regained his composure as he swung his head side to side, as if looking for something. Seeing the Codex lying on the ground where it had fallen from my arms due to my shocked, the Mayan god picked it up. Brushing it off, he simply pointed at it, then me, and then made it look as if he were flipping through the pages. Apparently, He wanted me to unlock it and read what no one in 8000 years had since... question was... was I up to the task?